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NUMBER 688.

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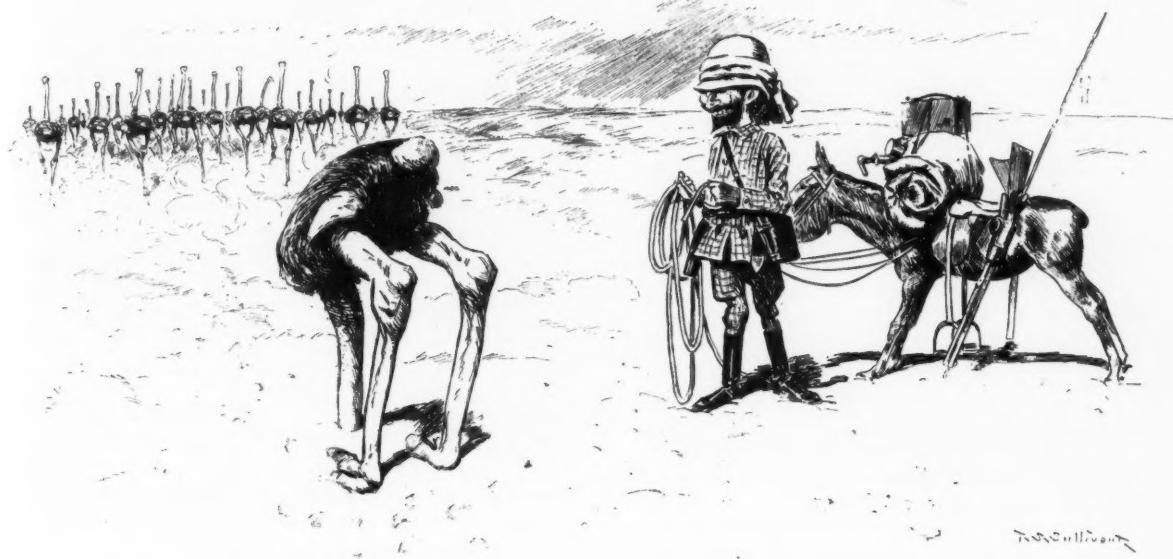
West 23d St.

VOLUME XXVII.

LIFE.

NUMBER 688.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



ON THE NOT-ALTOGETHER-CREDIBLE HABITS
OF THE OSTRICH.

AN ostrich, who was closely pursued by a hunter, suddenly thrust his head deep down into the sand.

"Ah! ah!" exulted the hunter, "I have the silly thing at last." He advanced to place a rope around the bird's legs; but the ostrich, who had accurately timed his arrival, landed a kick in the pit of his stomach that sent him into the hereafter like a bullet through a fog-bank.

Immoral:

"Umph," said the ostrich as he surveyed his victim, "because a man looks sad at the opening of a jack-pot, it doesn't necessarily follow that he's only got ace-high."

H. W. Phillips.

THE way of the transgressor may be hard, but then no one would expect anything else of a road that is traveled so much.

UNIQUE.

SHE is the most original woman I ever knew."
"How is that?"
"When she hasn't anything to say she doesn't talk."

SOME temptations are like privileges—granted only to a few.



"YOU WANT A POSITION IN OUR HOUSE. IN WHAT CAPACITY?"
"SON-IN-LAW, IF YOU HAVE NO OBJECTION."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE unwillingness of Colonel Balfour Booth and his attractive wife to leave the United States is entirely natural, and LIFE can't help sympathizing with it. The logical outcome of it would seem to be that Colonel and Mrs. Booth must quit the Salvation Army and find another job.

They are very competent people, and will doubtless find a suitable field for the exercise of their talents.

Meanwhile it seems probable that if General William Booth would hie him to

Rome and take counsel of the singularly astute gentleman who is the head of the Roman Catholic Church he might get some very useful points about managing from Europe a religious organization in America. It is a difficult work, and the present Pope, who is a remarkably good hand at it, has had a copious experience of its difficulties. He succeeds reasonably well, and it would probably pay General Booth to find out how he does it.

* * *

IT is reported that Mr. Hannis Taylor, our minister to Spain, has taken in ill part the published version of some remarks about the American people, addressed to the members of a geographical society at Madrid by Captain Concas, the officer who commanded the caravels

which Spain sent to the Chicago fair. Captain Concas, it seems, found, or thought he found, some things in the New World which he did not like and told his friends about them in meeting. Minister Taylor at once complained about him in high quarters, and received assurance that there was no adequate basis for his displeasure. Mr. Taylor comes from Alabama, the State which honors Senator Morgan with its confidence. He is evidently a zealous servant of the republic and anxious to earn the



remuneration which he receives. How the proceedings of this meeting of a private society at Madrid came to concern him in his official capacity is not quite clear, but his unwillingness that Americans should suffer in Spanish estimation from statements based on incompetent knowledge is creditable to his heart at least, even if he be criticised for his "pernicious activity."

* * *

ALL the same if, when he comes home, he will make a study of his countrymen he will discover that they are curiously patient of being misjudged by all the peoples of Europe, except the English. The Spanish may think us somewhat uncivilized and we bear it meekly; the French may criticise us and we simply say they don't know us; the Germans may disparage our pork or our insurance companies, or our foreign policy, or what they will—we protect ourselves, but without excitement; but when an Englishman intimates that we are not as nice, or as just, or as sportsmanlike, or as honest as we should be, then we get up and dance. One explanation of this curious fact is that we don't care a hang for the English, and put no value upon their opinions. However good or not the explanation may be, the fact remains, and Mr. Hannis Taylor might as well take notice of it and relieve his mind of anxiety about Captain Concas and his impressions.



THE rumor that Mr. William Waldorf Astor is about to marry the widow of Lord Randolph Churchill is highly interesting, if true. Lady Randolph Churchill is a clever woman of large experience,

and is probably as competent as anyone living to steer

an American citizen through the intricacies of English society. Mr. Astor seems to need wise friends, and if he can find means to induce Lady Randolph to merge her fortunes with his, it would seem likely to be very much for the furtherance of his personal comfort, as well as of advantage to the peace of nations.

* * *

WHATEVER in the world is "plagiarism" when it is committed by a college student? Some students of Brown University have done it, and have been suspended. We learn that superhuman efforts have been put forth for their reinstatement, but that "President Andrews stands firm." What did these unlucky lads "plagiarize?" Was it chickens, or merely apples? They won't do it again, anyhow; at least not at Brown.



"WELL, SIR, YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU HAD BEEN PROSPEROUS IN BUSINESS. I SUPPOSE YOU STARTED AT THE BOTTOM AND WORKED UP?"
"No, Sir, I did not. I am a WELL DIGGER."

AN UNDESERVED REPUTATION.

A REPUTATION may be due to mere accident. For example, there is that old tortoise that has embittered so many youths. Writers have vied with each other in holding him up as a model of patient persistence; poets have sung his praises; children have been brought up to revere his industry; and, after all, what did he ever do? Suppose that the hare, the despised hare, had postponed his nap until after he had reached the goal, where would the tortoise have been then? Plodding away somewhere on the road with simply idiotic industry. But the hare was a sensible fellow. He knew when he wanted a nap, and took it. On the contrary, the tortoise wearily wandered on. There is not the least doubt that his friends invited him to go to the theatres with them, but he hadn't time; tried to tell him the latest story, and he couldn't stop; invited him to parties, suppers, poker games, etc., etc., but having conceived the idea that he could beat the hare he had to attend strictly to business.

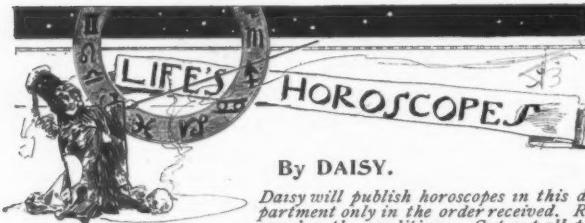
It may be urged by short-sighted people that the tortoise won the race and gained what he was after. True; but all the time he was grinding away the hare, who was doubtless a delightful chap, was enjoying himself; and, after all, gained exactly what the tortoise, with all his toil, did. We have no record of any stakes or bets being up, so the race must have been simply for fame; and all the fame the tortoise acquired the hare shares, it being impossible to mention one without the other. Besides this, the hare must have thoroughly appreciated the joke himself, and probably added greatly to his popu-

larity by telling it at his friends' tables. So, after all is said, the hare turns out to have been the real gainer. This has hitherto been overlooked, but it is just as true as any part of the anecdote, nevertheless.

IT is a wise politician who knows when to decline.



"Hi, Jim, come quick if you want ter have fun. Here's a cop fallen on the ice an' fainted, an' every time I jumps on his stummick it sounds jus' like a steam vistle!"



By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star ;
Daisy tells us what we are.

GROVER (C-L-V-L-N-D).

THIS gentleman was born under Mars, with ducks flying east and Sol feverish. He is very thin, easily hiding behind Sarah Bernhardt, and photographed by Roentgen shows a backbone plainly visible to everybody. Has an intellect and a mind of his own. Should take his tub daily, drink cod-liver oil, and keep his trousers rolled up. Ought to succeed as an editorial writer on the Sun. Must never borrow or go security for anyone. Should avoid writing letters and should wear a solid gold chest-protector at night. He lacks magnetism and has no power over imbeciles, but is lucky, and '96 promises big. Should travel in England for his health.

ELLIE WHEELER (W-L-C-X).

THIS lady was born under Gemini, with Mercury out of sight, Scorpio tugging at its chains, Venus frantic and the rings around Saturn punctured. She has a bass voice, two soft eyes of laughing blue and golden hair that hangs down her back. Also well preserved. Has a cold, calculating nature and would make a good president of a Boston bank. Avoid publishers. Should travel in Greenland.



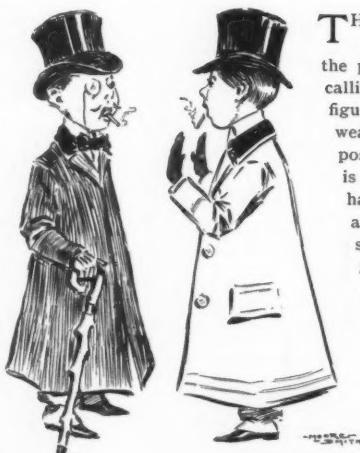
for her health. Will succeed best in the ice business, or would do good work on a railroad.

ANTHONY (C-M-S-T-K).

THIS gentleman was born under the sign of The Great Bear, with that sign in the ascendant, Venus in the foreground, Mercury rapidly rising, freckles on the face of the Moon and a suppressed Pleiades. He is tall and fair, with Broadway blonde whiskers and a false-face, and readily blinks in the daylight. He looks well in lavender tights and should never wear anything else. Is fond of nice pictures when they suit his taste, and prefers the front row when he can't get on the stage. Has an ardent fiery nature, which has never been curbed as it should have been. Might succeed as a model, but would probably do better as lady's maid to some quiet, respectable French dancer. Should steadily avoid the morphine habit, as it prolongs life.

EDDIE W. (B-K).

THIS young man was born in the cusp—that is, between the Lamb and the Green Pease, with all the planets in hiding, the chips stacked, and Gemini calling Cancer to come in. He is well-formed, with a figure slightly below the medium, a 17 1-2 waist, wears a 3-B shoe, has dimples under each ear and possesses an intelligence that is almost human. He is gentle, refined and courteous towards others, and has a sweet and forgiving disposition. He should avoid the use of intoxicants, such as ginger ale and sarsaparilla, and should take sterilized milk from a glass tube every two hours until advertising sets in. He is very versatile; would make a good dressmaker, manicure or chiropodist. Will live to be very old if properly nurtured.



"I'M SUAH THE COUNT IS AN IMPOSTOR."
"OH! MY GOODNESS ME, DEAH BOY, DON'T SAY SO."
"I WOULDN'T, DONCHERKNOW, BUT HE JUST TOLD ME THAT WHEN HE MARRIED MISS ROLINGOLD HE MEANT TO MAKE HIS HOME IN AMERICA."

TIME ENOUGH.

R. OFFICIAL: You may not believe it, but this dining car cost \$20,000.

PLANETREE: How long has it been running?

"Just a week."

"Paid for itself yet?"



"HE WAS AFRAID HE MIGHT DO SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU BREAK OFF THE ENGAGEMENT."
 "DID YOU REASSURE HIM?"
 "YES. I TOLD HIM YOU KNEW BETTER THAN THAT."

DIFFERENT FROM THE REST.

WHAT other men have dared,

I dare,"

He said. "I'm daring, too :
 And tho' they told me to beware,
 One kiss I'll take from you.

"Did I say one? Forgive me, dear ;
 That was a grave mistake,
 For when I've taken one, I fear,
 One hundred more I'll take.

"Tis sweet *one* kiss from you to win,
 But to stop there? Oh, no !
 One kiss is only to begin ;
 There is no end, you know."

The maiden rose from where she sat
 And gently raised her head :
 "No man has ever talked like
 that—
 You may begin," she said.

IHAD always been an American until I went around a curve in
 a cable car this morning."

"What difference did that make?"
 "Then I became a Laplander."





THE LATEST FROM THE NORTH POLE.



WON BY WORK.

THE wives for whom some men pay board
Were not such easy things to gain ;
Those men, while others soundly snored,
Were making love with might and main.

The happy accident of a big literary success is not confined to any country. It has been Mr. Crane's good fortune to have for his English publisher an astute young man who knows the ropes in literary London, and who also owns an ably edited review in which "The Red Badge of Courage" is honored with a leading article.



THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WAR.

THE writer in an English review who recently advanced a biological argument for the imminence of war, founded on a certain fever of the blood and nerves that seems to be infecting all nations at the present time and driving men ahead to inevitable conflict, could buttress his reasoning with the tons of novels of fighting and bloodshed that are now being read. The "woman problem" has become a pale and unsubstantial phantom in fiction; and one may be glad that it has been shelved even if it took a baptism of blood to do it. Americans can rejoice that while England sent us the pestilence of the new-woman novel and play, we have furnished England with the most potent antidote for the poison yet found in Stephen Crane's surprisingly vivid story, "The Red Badge of Courage." English critics have boomed it with a unanimity that seems almost inspired, and now that the book is beginning to be read in its native land they are making their accustomed remarks about Americans not knowing their own best books until they have been revealed to them by Englishmen. They have forgotten that Stevenson's first big popular success was American, and that "Trilby" languished for nearly a year in England after its tremendous popularity here.

THE best thing about the present success of the book is that it is not undeserved. It is written with wonderful power and, what is better, with an admirable reserve. In every chapter you are made to feel that the author has stopped short of the familiar device of melodrama—"piling on the agony." The realism, the horror, the madness of war are painted, but when the author has plunged in the dagger he does not twist it around superfluously. That is an unusual bit of restraint for a young writer, and Mr. Crane is young.

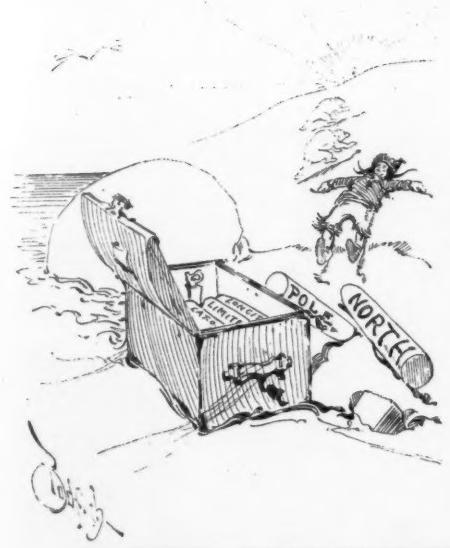
The Universal Peace Society might circulate this novel as a tract, and we recommend that the first copy be presented to Senator Lodge, and the second (judiciously marked with a red pencil) to Senator Morgan. After Congress has been supplied, a few copies could be well placed in Harvard—although the wise words of James C. Carter at the Harvard and Princeton dinners ought to have made the peace evangelization of the great eastern universities unnecessary.

No brave man or no coward can read this story through and feel that war is a blessing to the individual or to the race. The psychology of war as here presented is that no man is a good soldier until the savage instincts that still cling to him from the beasts and barbarians, from which he has been evolved by centuries of effort, have been aroused in the presence of actual conflict. A battle as pictured by Mr. Crane is the reversion to barbarism of a hundred thousand men by



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force of their association for that one object. The patriotic idea that was back of the civil war is not lost sight of; it is revealed as the one justification of the awful sacrifice. But Mr. Crane throws no glamour about the actualities of war itself. For the two days of the fight the decent young hero from a prosperous northern farm becomes a savage. You see the tiger slowly awake in him, and the man of affection, unselfishness, and gentle feeling disappears in the smoke of battle.

Droch.

IT is easy to acknowledge you were wrong when you know you will be praised for your moral courage.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

THE Simian arboreal,
From whom is our descent,
Had no stern foe to call and call
For cash to pay the rent.

The swart Alalus—otherwise
Called Pithecanthropus—
Knew no such torments as arise
To nag and worry us.

The hairy-chested Troglodyte
Had, living in his cave,
No florist creditors to fight,
No tailor's duns to brave.

The dweller by Helvetic lake
Joyed in his mud-stilt hovel,
Nor fooled was he by cable fake
Nor bored by "problem novel."

The hero of the Age of Stone
Toiled not as we in this;
He neither worked nor begged a loan,
Whate'er he saw was his.

The Roman had no need to toil
His hunger's tide to stem;
Barbarians tilled for him the soil,
He won the grain from them.

While, as for Mediæval ways,
I never could discern
That any chap in knightly days
Shed ink for coal to burn.

Thus when, oppressed by lack of chink,
I muse upon my fate,
Sad sorrow seizes me, to think
That I was born too late.

John Langdon Heaton.

NO COMPARISON.

SHE: I do not see how he could possibly be worse—he has one foot in the grave.

HE: Well, his other foot might be in Philadelphia.



"WHAT A CURIOUS PAPER-WEIGHT!"
"YES, ONE OF MY WIFE'S PIES."

LIFE



THE COMING OF

WE ARE HAVING ITALIAN AND GERMAN OPERA. WHY?

LIFE.



COMING OF LOHENGRIN.

GERMAN OPERA. WHY NOT ENCOURAGE HIBERNIAN TALENT?



"The size of the hat a woman wears on her head in the theatre is in inverse proportion to her breeding."

THE SIXTY-FOUR CAMILLES.

LIFE knows a man who claims that he has seen sixty-four persons of the gentler sex, amateur and otherwise, essay the rôle of *Camille*. He may exaggerate, but it remains true that sixty-four women out of every sixty-four think they can give an anxious public a graphic idea of what the unfortunate lady of the camellias was really like.

Camille was capable of great self-sacrifice; she was tender and seductive in the passages with the man she loved, and she knew how to suffer physically in a way to win the tearful sympathy of every witness to her illness. Her creator gave her opportunities to wear becoming gowns and gave her eloquent lines to speak. Is it strange that every woman thinks herself a possible *Camille*? The very frankness of the creation seems to rob the character of suggestiveness, and *Camille* stands out as almost an embodiment of purity. The other notion is entirely submerged in the virtues of the character and it is not strange that every woman thinks she would like to embody on the stage the highest charms and sympathies the sex can show.

This season New York has seen three of the stage's great women enact the part. An analysis of the accomplishments of each would be tedious. Briefly, Miss Nethersole's performance was less finished and more cyclonic than either of the others. Mme. Bernhardt's had in the seductive parts that magnetism which is thoroughly her own and which it is impossible to describe. In those episodes where *Camille* was the woman of our era moved by strong emotions Mme. Sarah was convincing, but too barbaric. In this judgment of Paris the apple must go to Mme. Duse. In



A ROYAL HUNT.

the three qualities called for by the rôle, taken as a total, she seems to score more points than either of her competitors. She makes it easy to be understood how Armand could love her madly; her sacrifice is accomplished without rant but with the womanliness that moves the spectator's heart better than force, and her sufferings win by their actual want of an appeal for sympathy. *Camille* can be played artificially to the point where it forces applause, and it can be played so naturally as almost to fail to create emotion, but Mme. Duse lets art lend just that aid to nature which does not grossly exaggerate but surely refines and strengthens.

We are sorry for the man who saw sixty-four *Camilles*. After the first four

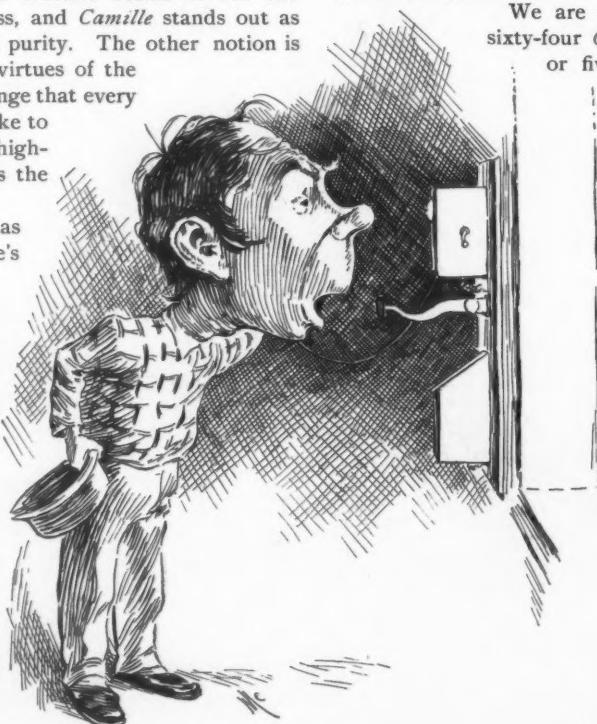
or five times the play, excellent creation that it is, becomes a bit gloomy. Tuberculosis is not pleasant, no matter how charming the victim. But if he did really see sixty-four *Camilles* we believe he missed the best one if he did not see Mme. Duse.

Metcalfe.

DOUBTFUL.

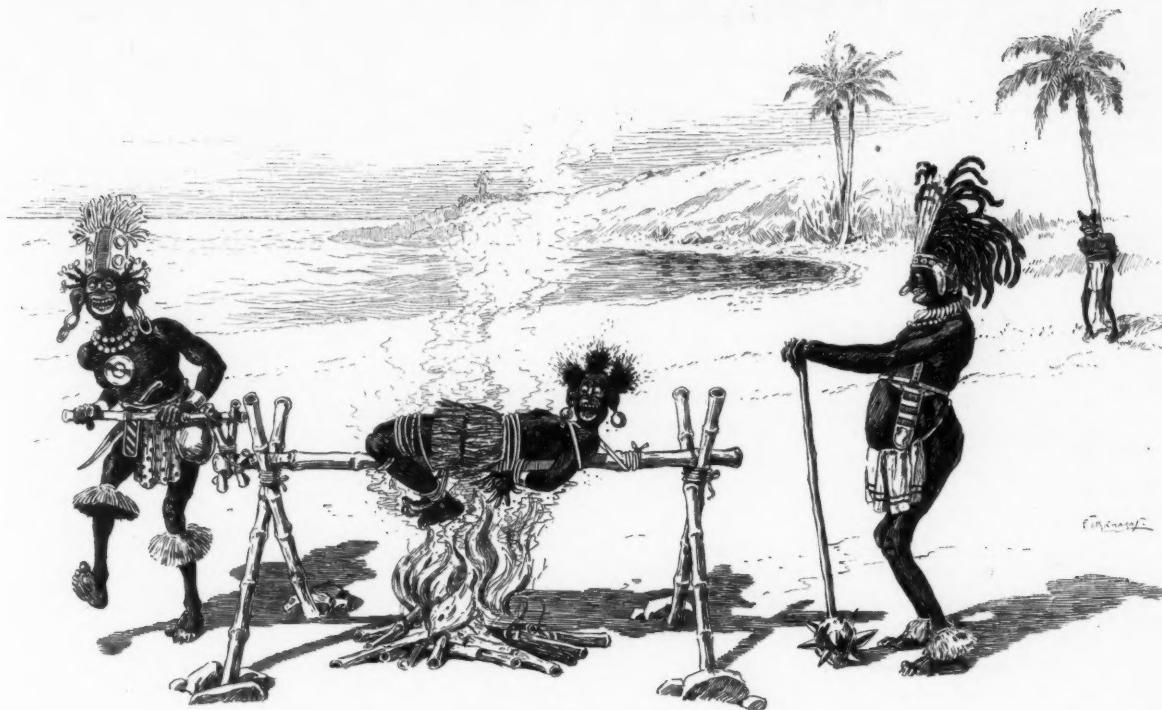
CHOLLIE: I had a fevah once and for three weeks I positively didn't know anything.

KITTIE: That was dreadful, but don't you think you'll ever get over it?



Pat: HILLOO. IS THIS THE FEED STHORE? WILL, SIND UP AT ONCE A BALE OF HAY, TWO QUARTS OF BRAN AND A BUSHEL OF OATS. WHO IS IT FHORE? AH, DON'T GIT GAY. IT'S FHORE THE HORSE.

BACON was ahead of his time when he said that reading maketh a full man. After reading some of the novels of the present day, there is no other recourse.



TOASTING THE BRIDE.

AN OMISSION.

ACCORDING to their annual custom, the Catholic and Episcopal Churches have this year issued circulars to all good churchmen containing a list of the things which should be carefully avoided during the Lenten season. LIFE is surprised to notice that the names of some of our newspapers are not included. It is almost impossible for the best-intentioned Christian to keep his mind pure for forty days if he allows his eyes to feast every morning on the daily diet of filth which some of our most prominent journals take so much pride in spreading before their readers.

THE fact that some men are self-made relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility.

A DAY OFF.

"I WENT fishing Sunday with Jones. You know Jones—reporter on the 'Trumpet.'"

"I suppose he's been telling some tall stories about the catch."

"No, he's told nothing but the simple truth. Jones is very glad to get away from the routine of his business once in a while."

STRANGER: What is the penalty for murder in this State, Colonel?

COLONEL: Well, sah, that depends entirely upon the circumstances in the case, sah. If a white man kills a white man we give him a fair trial. If a niggar kills a white man we lynch the scoundrel. If a niggar kills a niggar the law does not concern itself with the affair. If a white man kills a niggar, sah, we turn him loose, sah, in the hopes that he will kill another one, sah.



FRENCH DRESSING.

LIFE



It was their first meeting in several years, and, of course, they had a great deal to say to each other.

"I have been so busy that I haven't had time to study it out," said the one in blue, "but I think we are related in some way now, are we not?"

"Well," explained the one in dark brown, "the alimony that you get from your first husband is really just enough to pay the alimony that your present husband's first wife gets from him."

"Yes. I let him have it for that purpose."

"Then his first wife," continued the mathematician in dark brown, "was my first husband's second wife, and, as he is paying me the same amount of alimony, the money is simply transferred to me. That is where the connection comes in."—*Chicago Post*.

DR. JOHNSON paid a pretty compliment to Mrs. Sidons when, for the moment, he had no chair to offer her. "Madam, you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people will more easily excuse the want of one yourself."

"I OBSERVED, Brother Rocksworthy," said the Rev. Dr. Fourthly, "that when I spoke in my sermon yesterday of the evils of gambling in stocks and expressed the hope that no member of my congregation ever frequented places where such gambling was made a business you slapped your thigh emphatically. I am glad if the sentiment met your approval."

"Why—aw—the fact is, doctor," replied Brother Rocksworthy, "I—I suddenly remembered where I had left my umbrella."—*Chicago Tribune*.

For sale by all Newdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY. By Rodrigues Ottolengui.

HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK.
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James Inwick. By P. Hay Hunter.

In Search of Quiet. By Walter Frith.

Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America. By Richard Harding Davis.

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ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON.

Six Modern Women. By Laura Marholm Hansson.

EDWIN ARNOLD, NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Papier Mâché. By Charles Allen.

Mister O'Ryan. By Edward McNulty.

A SPRING MORNING.

THE sun is warm upon the hills—
The skies are brightly blue.
(Be wary, little violets,
They've set a snare for you!)
A springlike softness in the air—
No ice germs in the dew.
(Be wary, little violets,
They've set a snare for you!)
The flags upon the signal tower
No blighting blizzards brew.
(Be wary, little violets,
They're only fooling you!)

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HOAX: My wife and some of her friends are going to organize a secret society.

JOAX: Nonsense! The idea of women in a secret society.

HOAX: You misunderstand. They are to meet to tell secrets.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"How many people will this car seat?" inquired the loquacious passenger.

"Women or men?" asked the conductor.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"I SHOULD like to know," said one New York sportsman to another, "what makes Lord Dunraven's apologies so slow in getting here?" "Maybe he's bringing them over on his yacht," was the reply.—*Washington Star*.

ALTHOUGH ascetic in his personal habits, the late Cardinal Manning was far from being austere, and among his intimate friends he relished telling or hearing amusing things. A story he never shrank from telling was of a sculptor who had once attempted his bust in Rome. During one of the sittings, as he was discoursing on phrenology, Manning made him point out on the head he was modeling the supposed seat of various organs and qualities. At last Manning had asked him where was the seat of conscience, upon which the sculptor had stalked across the room, and touching a certain part of the sitter's cranium, remarked, "That's where it ought to be!"—*Household Words*.

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IVORY SOAP

If art embroidery be soiled
And washed with common soap, 'tis spoiled;
But Ivory Soap preserves the hue
As brilliant and as fresh as new.

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"DO you see that gentleman yonder? He holds the largest number of prizes and medals ever possessed by one man."

"What! that fellow? He does not look a bit like a champion."

"It's just as I tell you, though. He is a pawnbroker, you see!"—*Centralblatt für Radsport*.

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• LIFE •



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Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

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saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add water to the Extract and you have, instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. Anyone can do it.

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BURTON: I rather like your hat, Greville; it's not half bad, you know.

GREVILLE: I should say not. There's not any of it bad; it's all good. It's a Knox Hat, old man.

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Fair Briton (*a la DuMaurier*): YOU AMERICANS ARE VERY EXTRAVAGANT. AND—WELL—EASILY PLEASED.
Fair American (*a la Gibson*): OH, YES. WE BUY ANYTHING FROM AN EMPTY COAL MINE TO A BRITISH PEER.



"OUCH! oh! help! help!" screeched an agonized voice in the middle of the night, from the upper story of the leading hotel in Hawville, Okla. "Oh, gee-whizz! Quar-r-r—"

"What's the matter upstairs, Jim?" inquired Alkali Ike, who had dropped in for his nightcap.

"Ah, I reckon it's one of them fool tourists havin' trouble with his spring bed," replied the night clerk. "Newcomers don't understand how to manage them beds very well, an' every night or two somebody gits one of the spiral springs screwed into his back like a shirt stud. When I git your pizom mixed, we'll go up thar and unscrew the poor cuss. Yells like it hurts him considerable, don't he?"—*Truth*.

"WILLIAM," she said, "you need a new hat."

"Do I?"

"Yes. And a new overcoat."

"I have suspected that."

"And your umbrella is shockingly shabby."

"I know it."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I haven't any idea," he responded gloomily. And then, with the animation which comes with a happy thought, he added: "You might give a tea."—*Washington Star*.

"SEE that poor deaf mute trying to make the ticket agent understand what he wants."

"He isn't a deaf mute. That's Colonel Cusser—he was converted at the revival meeting to-night and now he's missed the last train home."—*Detroit News*.

SHE: Just think, Edgar, I ordered the dressmaker to make me a dress for the street and she has sent me a traveling costume instead.

HE: Well, what are you going to do about it?

SHE: All we can do is to take a trip to Nice.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

THE professor was lying on the sidewalk, his face wearing its usual thoughtful expression and his feet slowly moving in circles. His bicycle lay about five yards away. The friend who espied him ran to his assistance. "Are you hurt?" asked the friend, as he assisted the old gentleman to his feet.

The professor looked about him for a moment. "Dear me!" he exclaimed. "I must have run into the curb and fallen off."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

HERE is a story that one of the Southern members vouches for. A young man, one of his constituents, applied to him for a \$1,000 clerkship. The member secured the appointment, but the day before the constituent was to be sworn in he came to his representative in a troubled state of mind and said:

"Colonel, I have had \$125,000 left me by an aunt, and, my God! just think what I have to go through again."

"Let me congratulate you," said the representative.

"No, don't do that," said the constituent; "you don't know what you're congratulating me on."

"Yes, I do," said the member, "for now you can live without working."

"Colonel," said the distressed young man, "I may as well tell you. Several years ago I had \$100,000 left me by another aunt, and it took me nearly a year to spend it. After I got through I had to go to the hospital for six months to get over the effects of my dissipation. The reason I came to see you to-day was to ask you to keep that place for me until I can spend this money."—*Washington Post*.

"WHEN 'The Wicklow Postman' was out on its memorable tour a year or so ago," said an actor in the company, "we almost stranded in Hot Springs. Our next stand was Texarkana, and the manager wired me we must be sure to come on—would certainly play to a big house. Well, I raised enough money to get to Texarkana. It was dusk when we reached there, and, as we rode up to the hotel in a bus, I saw what I presumed was the glow of sunset over the house-tops. 'By Jove!' I remarked to the driver, 'you do have fine sunsets down here.' 'Sunset nothing!' he growled, as he glanced in the direction I was looking, 'that's the opera house on fire.'"—*Argonaut*.

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YOU can't tell a balky horse by his looks and you're just as likely to be deceived in a bicycle. There's no better guide when buying a wheel than this famous name—

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It identifies the king of wheels—it's a guarantee of strength, speed and reliability. A name that you can proudly point out to your friends.

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Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Shun bloomers; doesn't matter how they look;
And so make life, that leads to the forever,
One grand cook-book!

—Atlanta Constitution.

GENERAL LEE told an amusing story to a Charlottesville *Chronicle* reporter. When he was about to deliver an address at the Confederate re-union in Craig county recently, some one came to him and asked him if he would speak to an old colored man who wished to speak to him. The general consented, and the old negro, whose name was Sam, and who had fought throughout the war, came and received the proffered hand. General Lee at once began to put questions to the old fellow who answered with wonderful skill. The general then asked him where he had seen the best time during the war.

"At Chickamauga," at once replied the darky, "because I ran as soon as the firing began."

"But how did you know in which way to run in such a hot battle?" asked General Lee, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"I went directly to the safest place, and the first I could find," answered Sam, coming to his climax.

Again he was asked how he could tell which place was safe.

"I knew it was safe," answered Sam, "cause I skipped for de place whar de ginirils was."

HIS DARLING.

My darling's hair is all her own;
And, though it's fiery red,
She doesn't hang it on a chair
Before she goes to bed.

My darling does not wear false teeth;
And though I should not rave
About the ones she has, they are
The set that Nature gave.

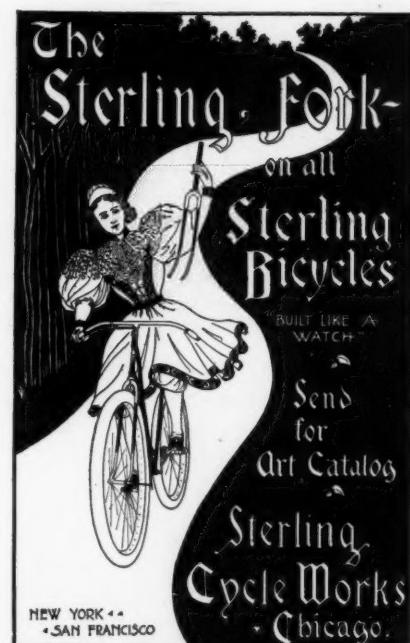
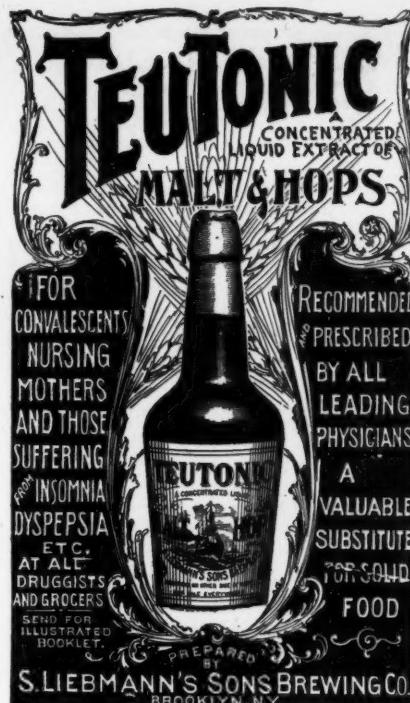
My darling's form is not made up
With aids of any kind;
Although she weighs 200 pounds,
No artifice you'll find.

And, as I hold her to my breast,
While whirling in the waltz,
It is so comforting to think
My darling is not false!

—Somerville Journal.

LIFE'S COMEDY is the name of a new publication, highly humorous and artistic in character, the first number of which is just at hand. It is to be issued quarterly and comes from the publishers of LIFE, that source and inspiration of the keenest wit and humor of this end of the century. LIFE'S COMEDY is a sort of filled out, fat edition of LIFE, and is replete with just the same sort of pictures and text that make life not worth living when you haven't them. With LIFE and LIFE'S COMEDY, life's cup of pleasure is brimming.

—Pittsburg Bulletin.



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LIFE.



"I'd like to speak to you a minute," he said, as he met a patrolman at the corner of Michigan avenue and Wayne street the other evening.

"All right. What is it?"

"About six months ago I met you down by the city hall one afternoon."

"Well?"

"I was after a marriage license and asked you where to go."

"Yes."

"When you found I was going to be married, you laid your hand on my shoulder in a fatherly way and said: 'Young man, pause and reflect.' Do you remember?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Well, your words struck home. I paused and reflected. I did not get a license."

"No!"

"And I didn't get married."

"You didn't, eh! Well, I am glad if advice of mine prevented you from taking a step which you might ever thereafter regret. Did you want any more advice?"

"Well, yes. The girl sued me for breach of promise and got a verdict of \$2,000 and cleaned me out of my last cent and all I can earn for the next five years to come. Mebbe you want to lay your fatherly hand on my shoulder and give me some more wisdom."

"Young man," said the officer, as he slid his fingers along up his coat sleeve until they rested on his collar, "you move on!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

APROPPOS of the efforts lawyers make to escape from the New York Court of

Special Sessions as soon as their cases are over, in order to avoid being appointed as counsel for impecunious defendants, the *Sun* tells this story: "An old hand had just concluded a case and was doing his prettiest to reach the door, with a young lawyer a yard or two behind making for the same goal. Just as the older man disappeared, Justice Jerome called his name, but of course got no answer. The other had his hand on the door-knob, when the justice called to him, intending that he should take the case. 'Mr. Jones, will you—' he began. 'Yes, your honor, I will,' interrupted young Jones; 'I'll call him back, he's just outside,' and before the court could interfere, he darted out the door. 'Joe, the judge wants you there in court,' he said, catching up to his fellow-lawyer, who, with a wry face, retraced his steps. 'Did you send for me, your honor?' he asked Justice Jerome, and court, lawyers, and spectators caught on to the joke, and there was a great laugh. 'I did not, Mr. Smith,' said the justice, 'but now that you're here, will you kindly act as substitute in this case for your departed colleague, Mr. Jones?' Young Jones kept out of Special Sessions for the remainder of the week."

IT was in the Coliseum.

"Pardon me."

Seneca leaned forward and touched one of Agrippina's ladies-in-waiting on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, but would you mind taking down your coiffure, so that I can see the arena? I am particularly interested in to-day's massacre."

Her only reply was a swift glance of patrician scorn, for she knew he had come in on a press ticket.

Rome has fallen since then, but the theatre hat has not.—*Truth*.

THE healthfulness of Lynton, a summer resort in Devon, England, is advertised by this story:

Recently a visitor began to talk to an old man at Lynton, and asked him his age; whereupon he said, "I am just over seventy."

"Well," said the visitor, "you look as if you had a good many years to live yet. At what age did your father die?"

"Father dead," said the man, looking surprised. "Father isn't dead; he's up-stairs putting grandfather to bed!"—*Exchange*.

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TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.
We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Coinnoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

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Enfeebled, & Debilitated, Ennuye,
Satiated, Fatigued, & Exhausted,
Unnerved, & Unstrung, Forceless,
Hypochondriacal, Over-wrought,
Tired, Distraught, Valetudinary.

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There are about four hundred
more. Just look them over and
see if you don't need spring medi-
cine. If you can't find your
trouble, consult the dictionary.

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